

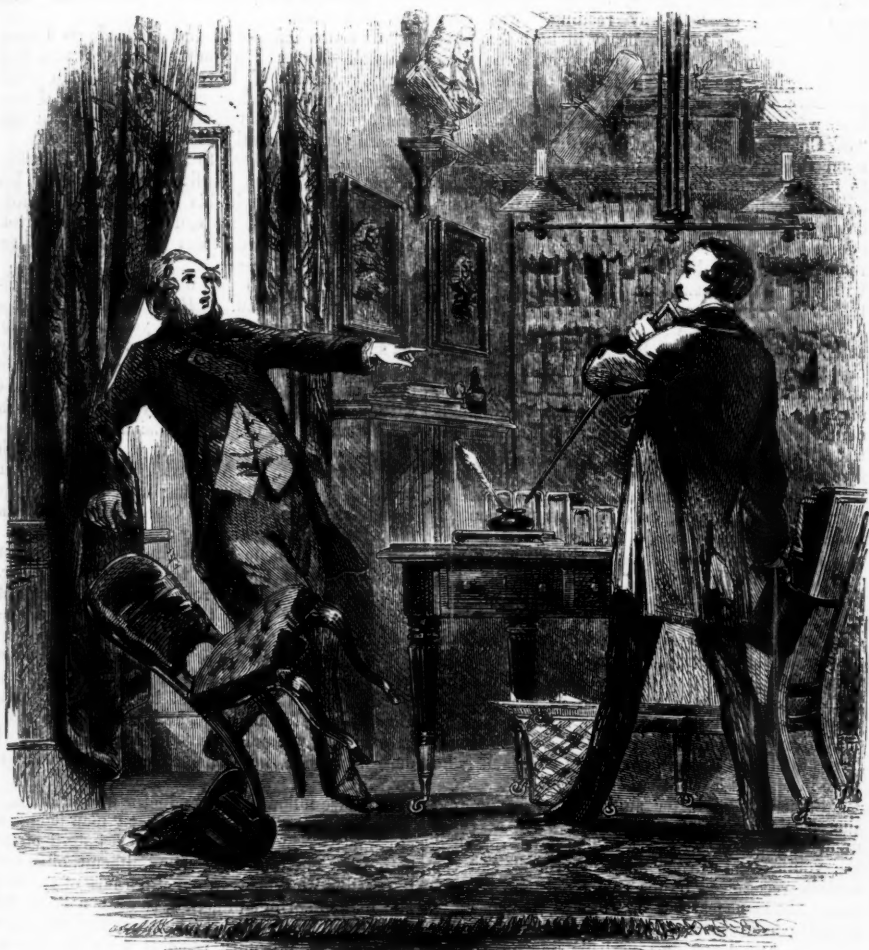
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THE UNEXPECTED MEETING OF THE COUSINS.

A WREATH OF SMOKE.

CHAPTER III.

We must now introduce our readers to another scene, and, descending with the captain from one of the light-wheeled conveyances which rattle

along the streets of London, knock at the door of a house in Russell Square. The time of the year is the beginning of December; the air is damp and chilly; a yellow-tinged mist rests on the leafless trees in the square, but a mist not sufficiently

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dense to prevent the dim outlines of the houses on the opposite side from looming through the gloomy veil. The captain's low knock is answered by a formal servant, dressed in black.

"Is Mr. Sturges at home? I come by appointment."

"Mr. Sturges is at home, but particularly engaged; if you could wait, sir, five minutes in the library"—and, accordingly, into the library Clarence was ushered.

The apartment was not small, but gloomy. Ranges of books occupied two sides of the room; books, not of the light class of modern literature, but such as existed before circulating libraries were known, or "railway reading" was ever dreamt of: heavy tomes—heavy in both senses of the word—some bound in parchment, some with red margins, the dull gilt letters on the backs gradually fading into illegibility. No novel nor mere work of fancy was there; unless "Pamela," or "Sir Charles Grandison," with the dust of antiquity upon them, were lurking in some corner too dark to be explored. Engravings, brown with age, of lord chancellors in their wigs, looking sedately down from their black wooden frames, alone adorned the walls: the only thing modern in the room appeared to be the "Times," which rested, with its supplement, on the leather-covered table.

But the captain was disposed to give little attention either to the contents of the book-shelves, or the news in the paper before him. His eye was attracted by the figure of a young man, standing in the recess of one of the windows, evidently waiting like himself for an interview, but not with the same appearance of calmness. His face was turned away from the captain, but there was a slight uneasy movement of head and of foot, which expressed, as clearly as the countenance might have done, a feeling of restlessness and impatience. The dress of the stranger was what is familiarly termed "shabby genteel," the first epithet being more appropriate than the second; for a rent in the back of the thread-bare coat had evidently been repaired by unprofessional fingers, and the clothes appeared too large for the wearer, as if sickness or want had shrunk his form. But that form, emaciated as it might be, was still graceful and erect, and, notwithstanding the poverty betrayed by the dress, none could have doubted that he was a gentleman who wore it.

"Some tale of bitter suffering might be told there," thought Clarence, as he fixed his eyes upon the silent stranger. The next moment the young man turned suddenly round, and the captain recognised in his pale handsome countenance, the same features that he had that morning gazed upon in the portrait of his cousin!

There was something, perhaps, in the expression of the captain's face which riveted the attention of Guy Dalesford. The young men stood confronting each other, and for a few moments neither of them spoke. Then, with a half-hesitating air, in the low calm accents which were peculiarly his own, Clarence addressed his cousin.

"Pardon me, sir, but may I venture to ask whether your name be not Guy Dalesford?"

With mingled haughtiness and surprise, the

young man replied: "As I have never had the honour, sir, of meeting you before, I am at a loss to imagine why you should seek to be informed of my name."

"Because I believe that we both bear the same," said Clarence, with a smile; "because I believe that we are united by the tie of blood, and I am desirous that you should know Clarence Dalesford as a relative and as a friend."

A gentle answer may be compared to oil dropped upon water; in the present instance it had the effect of oil dropped upon fire. Guy started back upon hearing the name; his whole form seemed to dilate, and every feature to be convulsed with sudden passion.

"Clarence Dalesford! then, indeed, do I know you well—better than you may believe, better than you may desire. I know the relation in which we stand to each other, and it is well that I have this opportunity of telling you to your face, that I scorn you as a rival and defy you as a foe."

The colour mounted to the cheek of Clarence; it might have been the flush of resentment, but there was no anger in his manner as he replied: "You are deceived, my cousin, greatly deceived. You do me injustice; from my heart I feel for your situation, and—"

"Do you dare to pity me!" exclaimed the indignant young man. "Rest assured, Clarence Dalesford, that prosperous as your schemes may be, successful all your designs—though you may supplant the son in the home, ay, and in the heart of his father—I would not change places with you; I would not bear your conscience in my bosom for all the fair mansion or broad lands of Dalesford, though each stem were a palace, each acre a kingdom!" And with these words yet upon his lips, the fiery young man sprang to the door, and the next minute Clarence saw him from the window hastily striding along the square.

The captain made no attempt to stop him, but stood buried in thought, till the servant of Mr. Sturges re-entered the room, and announced that his master was ready to receive Captain Dalesford.

"Do you know where that gentleman resides who was here a few minutes ago?" said Clarence.

"No, sir; I believe that his name is Graves. He only called to inquire whether my master could give him any employment in copying deeds. I dare say that my master knows his address, sir."

Clarence followed his conductor up the stairs.

It has been well observed, that "man judges of our motives by our actions; God judges of our actions by our motives." How difficult, often how impossible we find it, in our ignorance of the deep and hidden springs of action, to draw a broad line of distinction between the virtuous and the evil—so much of infirmity remains with the former, while with the latter so much that we deem noble may appear. Yet to the eye of Omniscience there are but two classes in the entire world. Men of every shade of disposition and variety of character must be ranged under the one or the other—those who live for *self*, and those who live for God. Two paths may appear for a while to run parallel, yet their ends be as widely separate as heaven and hell. When we read the report of a

charity, and glance over the long list of its supporters, we have no intuitive power to single out the names of those whose contributions were indeed offerings to heaven. Pride, complaisance, and ostentation aid to fill the church-plate. *We* cannot separate from the rest the gold consecrated to God.

But each individual may apply the test to himself, and each individual *must* apply that test who would not remain ignorant of the state of his own heart, and his prospects throughout all eternity. "Live I for God, or live I for self?" Our love may be selfish, our generosity selfish; man may honour our virtue and praise our piety, while our motives, feelings, hopes, and desires may all centre in self alone.

Especially should those who are wont to act upon impulse, suspect their own motives, and direct their searching inquiry within. Religion is not a thing of mere impulse; it should be fixed and serene, like the object which it adores. Our passions change and vary; they struggle together for the ascendant; and thence arise those contradictions in the human character, which render us riddles to ourselves. But he who moves steadily onwards, with his eye resting, not on the changeable billows around him, but fixed on the pole-star which directs him on his way, varies not his course with every eddying gust of passion, but steers with steady hand toward the haven of his rest.

Guy Dalesford had been highly endowed by nature. He had a chivalric sense of honour, a warm and grateful heart, a disposition generous even to a fault; but he had lived from his childhood for himself alone; he gave liberally, but to gratify his own feelings; he loved ardently, for it was his delight to be loved again; he scorned a base action, for it would have wounded his self-respect; his very bursts of devotion were but the impulse of an excited imagination. How ready is the heart to deceive itself! When his tutor's lovely daughter became the object of his ardent affection; when he felt that her smile was the sunshine of his life, and that her presence brought a transient happiness which nothing else could bestow; when he gave up friends and fortune for her sake, and roused a father's anger by transgressing his commands, selfishness was the last thing of which the young enthusiast would have accused himself. Yet self was the very essence of his love! He paused not to consider if the happiness of the object of his choice would be really insured by the union which he desired; he paused not to reflect that the burden of poverty must fall heavily upon the woman whom he loved; he thought only of the evanescent transport of calling her his bride; and thus to the impulse of passion he sacrificed all beside.

But life is not all poetry, nor can man live only upon flowers. A few weeks of conjugal delights, and the fairy spell began slowly to dissolve; the rosy tints were fading away; and sonnets and flowers and breathings of love were succeeded by most prosaic discomforts and annoyances. Freely and recklessly Guy had lavished at first the contents of his well-filled purse; but when the last sovereign had to be changed, when dirty unpaid bills were heaped upon his table, and his landlady

spoke again and again of her "trifle for rent," Guy began to feel the sacrifice which he had made. He determined to earn what should supply his wants; he wrote to publishers, and waited day after day in sickening expectation of an answer. He searched the newspapers for advertisements that might afford him a prospect of honourable employment, and repeatedly he had left Amy in the morning with an expression of hope and a word of encouragement, to return late to his home weary and disappointed. Alas! he was not the first to learn the difficulty of climbing the first steep step to advancement. Guy had been educated to no profession; with a cultivated intellect and no ordinary abilities, he wanted practical knowledge in everything. He was a creature of impulse, and the dry routine of useful occupation had always been irksome and intolerable to him.

Poor Amy would watch his darkening brow, as he sat down with her to the coarse scanty meal, forming so strange a contrast with the luxurious plenty to which her husband had been accustomed in his former home. How silent he had become! He whose conversation had been so brilliant, whose wit so sparkling, had he not a word or a smile for her?

Heavier and darker loomed the cloud above them, as the days shortened and the winter advanced. Guy had to endure to part, one by one, with all things that had ministered to his comfort or his pleasure. He could no longer mount the fleet hunter, or see his favourite greyhound bounding before him; book after book had been reluctantly relinquished, and he measured his time by the course of the wintry sun. He had to submit to exchange, for the necessities of life, even the trinkets with which he had presented his bride; and to see her beautiful form wasting, her spirits drooping, her loveliness fading in the comfortless cottage, a few miles from London, in which he had resolved to struggle through the winter, if the landlady, her patience at length worn out, should not earlier drive them from its shelter.

He submitted at last—and it was the severest trial of all—to write to his offended father. Twice he tore the unfinished sheet; pride struggled with necessity; and even in the letter which he finally sent, pride betrayed itself in every line. Poor Amy strove to speak cheerfully, and to look hopefully; but her pallid cheek and tearful eye belied her words, and, as the longed-for yet dreaded answer never came, hope gradually sank into listless despair. Guy grew gloomy and irritable, even to her. He could not endure to look on the countenance whose beauty had been his delight; its fading charms seemed the keenest reproach. He knew that his harshness inflicted upon his wife a deeper pang than poverty could bring, but the impulse of impatience was not to be restrained. He had been selfish in his love; he was selfish in his suffering also.

One darker temptation remained behind: where should the child of impulse find strength to withstand it? Alas! for the frail vessel in the stormy sea, its cable snapped, its anchor gone—when self-will alone sits at the helm, and the blast of adversity drives it on towards the fatal vortex of crime!

THE MONTHS IN LONDON.—SEPTEMBER.

THE migration from London to the sea-side, which sets in in August, goes on increasingly during the month of September. The hot weather has now subsided, and given place to a mild and genial temperature, which invites everybody out of doors, and while exhilarating the spirits of the invalid, makes exercise at once a pleasure and a means of health. All round the coast, the watering places are now thronged with holiday makers and valetudinarians, amongst whom it is the Londoners of every grade who make up the major portion of the increase and cut the most conspicuous figure.

But it is not to the coast alone that the London citizen turns his face at this particular crisis. September opens with partridge-shooting; and, inasmuch as London sportsmen are numbered by tens of thousands—and partridge-shooting, like any other luxury, may be bought in any quantity, from the privilege of a single day to that of the whole season—there is a formidable force of city marksmen and double-barrels, who commence an annual campaign against the unfortunate birds so soon as September comes. At the approach of this fatal month, the gun trade always looks up and assumes a satisfied aspect: the gunsmiths' shops glitter with shining arms; the newspaper columns put on a belligerent face, and their talk is of deadly barrels killing at a hundred yards—of wire cartridges and patent wads—of spherical and elliptical shot—of gunpowder double refined—of fowling-pieces that prime and cap themselves—of safety triggers—of pointers and retrievers to be had dog-cheap—and of shooting-grounds hundreds of acres in extent, where the virgin coverts are waiting to be killed. It is marvellous what a vast machinery is set in motion, what an amount of excitement and enthusiasm is called into action, and what a serious capital is expended, in order to place the poor innocent partridges, with their heels uppermost, on the festive board.

It is no wonder that the campaign is always successful, looking to the means employed to make it so. Of this success, the Londoner who stays at home has overwhelming proof during the first days of the month. Not only are the poulterers' shops veiled in a panoply of dead partridges, some of them from the basement to the topmost story of the house, but partridges rush into town with every railway train; they dangle from the roofs of suburban omnibuses; they load the parcels delivery carts; they walk the streets in braces and leashes and clusters and bundles, on the shoulders of boys and messengers; and they figure in gravy on every table, from my lord mayor's at the Mansion-house down as low at least as the shopkeeper's in his back parlour, and the merchant clerk's ordinary in Bucklersbury or Cheapside. It were a curious balance-sheet, if it could be drawn out, which would show, side by side, the cost of the partridges eaten in London and the price paid for them by the eaters. It is probable that the proceeds of the slaughter do not cover a tithe of the expense incurred by it, and that the war against birds, like all other war, is recompensed only by the doubtful glory of its exploits.

One of the wayside phases of London in September is the appearance of fresh-gathered hazel-nuts in the streets. These are brought in baskets, and the merchant who offers them for sale is generally a simple countryman in a clean smock-frock, who, with one foot in the kennel and one on the kerbstone, modestly exhibits his wares, and declines to say more than a few words at a time, lest his broad accent and country dialect should draw down upon him the ridicule of the boys, who are his chief customers. He would not be here at all selling nuts, but that he happens to be out of employment and has nothing better to do.

There was a time when this annual trade in English nuts prevailed, not only in London, but in other cities and towns, much more than it does now. Ten years ago we saw a dozen nutters on the pavements of Holborn and the Strand, where we now see one. The trade is gradually dying out, and may perhaps die out altogether—and that for a reason which very few persons know anything about. The reason is this: the green outer covering or hull of the English hazel nut contains, while the nut is unripe, an acid and astringent acid, the bare contact of which will set the teeth on edge for an hour, as everybody finds out who attempts to crack with his teeth nuts not ripe. Before the formation of the kernel, the hull is completely saturated with this acid: as the kernel grows, the acid diminishes in quantity, and by the time the nut is ripe the acid is all gone, and the hull reduced to a close-fitting dryish husk. Now, it happens that the cotton-printers and dyers of the manufacturing districts, being hard put to it for mordants, have ransacked the whole domain of nature for the same, and enlisting chemistry in their service, have discovered, among other things, that this astringent acid in the hull of the nut makes a capital mordant. It follows, of course, that they are willing to purchase the nuts in that state in which the husk contains most of the acid, which is easily expressed by machinery and rendered available for use. It follows also that poor people and children who have nothing else to do will gather the nuts in this state when they are plentiful and easy to meet with; and we have ourselves seen them, in July, rifling a whole forest of its milkwhite clusters at the rate of a sackful a day per head, and leaving but a few stragglers for the nutters who will come after them in September, when they are ripe. So it may well be—if hops, which also are largely grown for mordants, become unreasonably dear, and no better substitute be discovered—that the nutter's harvest may fail him entirely, and his nut-basket disappear from the London streets.

But September brings us something better than hazel-nuts. The wealth of the orchard and the garden now pours into the London mart, and meets us stationary at every corner, and perambulating the city at almost every turn. The rosy red-streaked apples, the mellow juicy pears, the plums, greengages, peaches, and the exhaustless catalogue of stone-fruits, all now go wandering about the streets in barrows and hand-carts, in panniers and baskets, on women's heads and donkeys' backs. They overflow the markets; they gleam ruddy and red and in gorgeous purple hues

in shop windows; they at once enrich and adorn our tables; and they gratify our palates with their delicious flavour, while they cool the fever of our blood: provided always that the season is healthy, and there is no rumour of the dreaded cholera in the land. In that case, the September fruits will meet with a far different welcome. Panic-stricken London will see death in a pippin, will shut its doors against the whole tribe of stone-fruits, and surrender all the delicacies of the garden and the hothouse to the reckless and thoughtless mob, who take them at its own valuation. Ask the market-gardeners what they did with their fruit in '49, and you may chance to hear some revelations on the subject of popular panics not over creditable to human nature, or to the fortitude supposed to form part of our national character.

Some of the old metropolitan aspects of the month of September have vanished from the city, greatly to the credit as well as the convenience of the inhabitants. We refer to Bartholomew Fair, and the disgraceful spectacles to which it formerly gave rise. This fair used to be held in Smithfield, and was opened by proclamation on the third of the month; after which Smithfield was for some days the scene of tumultuous and riotous uproar, continuing till late at night; and the fair was the silly cause of more vice and crime than any other custom of modern London. It is one evidence of the progress of the schoolmaster among us, and the growing regard for moral training, that this abomination no longer exists.

The 29th of September is the festival of St. Michael, or Michaelmas Day. About the origin of the day, the Londoner concerns himself but little; and though he generally makes a festival of the day, it is not in any ecclesiastical sense that he does so. If it is not a matter of principle with him to eat a goose on that day, it is very extensively a matter of custom. It is said that the geese which find their way to London during the few weeks preceding Michaelmas Day, do not amount to much less than the fourth of a million. The majority of them come up by the rail, killed and plucked, and ready for the spit. Those, however, which have been bred and fattened within twelve or fifteen miles of town, are often marched up to market under goose-drivers, who may be encountered now and then driving their forlorn and draggle-tailed flocks, amounting to hundreds in number, through a devious route of back and bye-ways, to the yard, or, it may be, the underground cellar of the consignee. The advantage of having them alive is evident, as they may be killed when wanted, according to the urgency of demand; the disadvantage attending it is, that they must be well fed in confinement, at a considerable cost in cramming, or they will lose in weight of flesh.

The Michaelmas goose, as an institution, cannot be missed by the duller observer. It is impossible to escape the demonstrations that stare at one on every side as the day draws near. The poulterer's shop gradually grows all goose, from bulkhead to wall, and from floor to ceiling; and geese in feather are seen plunging from carts at his door, through trap-doors and area-gratings, into the hands of the pluckers, who are busy in the cellars below. Then the buttermilk and the dairyman are sure to speculate in geese at Michael-

mas time, and each and all of them exhibit their rows of broad, flat-breasted victims, plucked delicately clean, their long limp necks dangling in ranks, or dexterously tucked out of sight. The pork-butcher does the same, dispersing a crowd of Bath chaps to make room for a squad of Epping waddlers on the centre of his show-board; and, in addition to all this, geese, gibbeted on poles, walk the streets on the shoulders of goose-hawkers, and claim acquaintance with you on the pavement, or knock at your door and introduce themselves if you decline to walk abroad.

If the poor labourer and artisan do not share in the Michaelmas goose, which we are afraid is too often the case, he not unfrequently makes provision at Michaelmas to secure a goose to himself on the ensuing Christmas Day. This brings us to the notice of an interesting custom much in vogue among the industrious classes, and which is commendable on more accounts than one, inasmuch as it not only provides the means of innocent enjoyment at a holiday season, but fosters a spirit of prudence and forethought. We allude to the Michaelmas clubs, which for many years past it has been the custom among the working men of London to organise in the Michaelmas week.

The Michaelmas club works on the following principle. There are yet thirteen weeks to Christmas; and thirteen sixpences, or sixpence a week, deposited each Saturday night, or whenever the week's wages are paid, in the hands of the collector by each member of the club, will amount to six and sixpence a head. Now, though six and sixpence will not buy a goose in London at Christmas time, at least, not such a goose as a father of a family would care to see on his table, yet fifty times six and sixpence will buy fifty fat and famous geese of the breeder in Sussex or Norfolk, who will readily undertake to deliver the whole lot, plucked and ready for the spit at a given hour on the day before Christmas Day, at a given spot—say the workshop itself of a large working establishment—and will further guarantee that not one of them shall weigh less than ten pounds. Now, the club being organised, and all the members having paid the first instalment, the manager writes off and concludes the contract with the breeder. In the interim between contract and performance, the collector takes care to gather the weekly subscriptions, and he has no difficulty in this, because men who work hard like a goose dinner, and if they fail in their payments they forfeit previous deposits. So all the subscriptions are paid; and when Christmas week comes, as sure as the clock strikes the hour appointed, on the appointed day up comes the cart to the door with the club geese in it; out they are bundled in a jiffy, and ranged on board or bench in the shop, to await their final distribution; the breeder or his agent having received his money and settled his part of the contract. The distribution takes place after the labours of the day are closed, and the birds are allotted by the chance drawing of numbers from a bag. This is generally a scene of considerable merriment; for though all the geese weigh as much as ten pounds, some of them will weigh ten, twenty, even forty per cent. more, and each member natu-

rally hopes to get the biggest bargain. Much laughter and joking attends the drawing of the lots, but the whole band are in admirable humour. Something better than jollity, too, we have witnessed on more than one occasion. Christmas time opens the heart of the worker to good fellowship and good feeling; and we have seen the fatherless and motherless boy, the poor outcast and hanger-on of the workshop, invited to dine with the owner of the big goose on the following day; and, more than that, we have seen the winner of the big goose exchange birds with a comrade who had the smallest, because the said comrade had a large family, and the lucky man had a small one; not that the working-man thinks anything of a trifle like that, but we choose to set it down, notwithstanding.

The goose-club is but one phase of the prudential combinations of Michaelmas time. There are clubs not only for geese, but for every domestic necessity of the coming season of winter. The grocer has taken the example of the workshop, and rendered the same machinery available to the poor of his entire district. He will receive weekly subscriptions of any amount, crediting the cash paid in to the subscribers, and deliver the sum total in the Christmas week in the shape of tea, coffee, sugar, and all the delicious ingredients of the Christmas pudding. But, perhaps, the best and most provident of all the Michaelmas clubs is the coal club, by the instrumentality of which the poor labourer who pays his subscription regularly can secure a winter stock of coals without paying a winter price for them, and enjoy his cheerful fire when the frosty wind is howling out of doors, without the consciousness of indulging in a ruinous luxury.

These things are pleasant to contemplate, and they form an agreeable contrast to the operation of the tally system, which is the very antithesis of prudential economy, and of which so large a portion of the London workmen and their wives are the willing victims. The worst feature connected with these Michaelmas clubs—for there is no good thing in London which is not abused—is, that they are, to far too great an extent, managed by publicans, who not only receive the subscriptions, but distribute the goods purchased; and who thus, making their houses the rendezvous of the members, seduce them to a wasteful expenditure of their means, and often to intemperance. Our industrious friends will do well to reflect that by retaining the affair in their own hands, they will manage it more to their profit every way, and best maintain their own respectability of character.

September, in London, wanes with a very autumnal face. The foliage on London trees has grown yellow and brown and red, and hangs shrivelled on the branch, or lies crackling under foot. The garden spots look particularly forlorn and shabby; here and there in the suburbs one sees a passion-flower in bloom, or the sun-flower staring among the cabbage-stumps of the cottager, or an arbutus blossoming on the lawn of the genteel villa; but the flower-beds are in a state of miserable dishabille, the extinguished annuals waiting to be consigned to the dust-box, and the trodden beds to be raked up in ordinary for the winter. Towards the end of the month, the

martins may be observed to congregate in preparation for their flight—warning us, by their excitement and agitation, that we shall shortly lose them for the season.

Facts which may be worth remembering in this present September are, that on the 6th of the month the lists of objections, to both county and borough electors, are to be found affixed to the church doors; that both the claims of and objections to burgess voters must be forwarded to the town-clerk in writing, and notice given to the persons objected to on or before the 15th; and that the courts of revision for both county and town parliamentary voters sit between September the 15th and the 25th of the following month.

Of memorable things occurring in our own day, are—the cholera in 1849, which in London alone carried off three hundred persons daily during a good part of the month of September; the battle of the Alma, which was fought on the 20th September, 1854; the extraordinary hoax or blunder which led all England to believe that Sebastopol had fallen to the allies in the same month; and the actual fall of Sebastopol on the 8th of September in the following year.

In taking leave of September, we are as likely to do it in a gale of wind as not; for it is the time of the autumnal equinox, and the dirge of the month is apt to be sung to a tempestuous tune, scattering the brown leaves in the woods, and lashing the sounding surge into foam on the rocks of the coast.

TIGERS IN INDIA.

THE Indian government, finding the casualties resulting from the sting of serpents alarmingly on the increase, have lately offered a liberal reward for their destruction. The chief difficulty to be encountered in this work of extermination will consist in the deep-rooted superstitions of the Hindoos, who venerate all snakes, and more especially the cobra. A deadly warfare has long been waged by all classes and creeds inhabiting India against scorpions, centipedes, and other dangerous reptiles and brutes common to those climes. But, above all, the tiger has long been a source of terror and annoyance to the inhabitants, which has consequently led to the adoption of every conceivable destructive device on the part of both natives and Europeans.

Apropos of this, it may not be amiss to recapitulate a few jottings connected with the tiger, and the various methods employed in different parts of India for entrapping or destroying it. Before doing so, however, I may inform my readers that, apart from the intrinsic value of the skin (which varies according to size and the beauty and variety of the spots), every native who produces a tiger's head and feet receives a handsome reward from the collector or magistrate of the district. In former years, availing themselves of the neglect of subordinates, instances occurred of the same head being produced over and over again, the rogue thus reaping triple and quadruple the amount due to him; until, on one occasion, a fellow more negligent than the rest, reproduced his tiger's head in such a fearful state of decomposition that the

fraud was discovered, and to prevent its repetition henceforward, these trophies were burnt.

Some twenty years ago, whilst travelling through the Wynard Jungle, on the coast of Malabar, I first witnessed the exceedingly primitive, but rather perilous, method adopted for destroying tigers by the Nairs inhabiting that district. A partially cleared space, near a much frequented thoroughfare for travellers, had been fixed upon by these venturesome people for a display of deliberate skill and courage. Pitted in the centre was an unhappy old he-goat, destitute of food and water. At convenient distances, in a circle, several pits had been dug and previously well cemented; these were just wide enough to admit of the body of a man, and they varied in depth from eight to ten feet. On either side of the interior strong wooden plugs had been inserted, to serve as steps, on which the naked-footed Nair balanced himself whilst on the look-out for prey. Supported upon these, their arms and shoulders free, and armed with a bow and arrows apiece, these men patiently awaited the arrival of the foe; nor were they long kept in suspense.

A heavy rustling amongst grass and brushwood was heard, succeeded by a botnd, a roar, a piercing shriek from the terrified goat, and half a score arrows quivering in the body of the aggressor, who oftentimes got his quietus at the first discharge. Sometimes, however, the wounds were only trivial; and then the furious animal, lashing his tail with impotent rage, would rush at the pits, and endeavour to claw out the Nairs, who by this time were crouched at the bottom, and, secure in their retreat, gave many a deadly thrust by means of unused arrows, which lacerated and ultimately debilitated the tiger. I never heard of more than one instance in which a Nair lost his life by an assailed tiger, and then the circumstance arose from an arrow having got entangled between his legs, which impeded his descent, whilst the tiger, with one bound and a blow, dislocated the unfortunate man's neck.

A much more convenient and far less perilous system is adopted by the natives of Bengal, as illustrated by the accompanying sketch. When any village has been troubled by the visitation of tigers; or, as is sometimes the case, when some fierce tigress, despite all precautions, will insist, night after night, in carrying off sheep, bullocks, children, and sometimes men and women; then the people, driven to desperation, send and hire one or two experienced sportsmen—men who are reputed to be crack shots, and who are known also to have had experience in tiger-killing. A platform is erected amongst the loftiest branches of some trees in the outskirts of the village, which is thatched over to protect the sportsman from severe heat or rain. Here seated, sometimes alone, sometimes in couples, well shrouded from view by the foliage, these men patiently wait, hour after hour, and not unfrequently wait in vain. Within range of their guns is the carcass of an ox, dragged hither as a decoy for any hungry tiger that may be prowling in the vicinity. The carrion has already attracted legions of jackals; and disgusting vultures, gorged to excess, hop lazily from stone to stone, as the growling contentions of pariah dogs and jackals scare them from the car-

nival. Meanwhile, the men on the look-out are almost driven to distraction, lest the voracity of these unscrupulous purloiners should not leave a bone to entice the royal victim. They dare not drive them away, or fire in amongst them, as this would equally deter any tiger from appearing.

Presently, however, the hearts of the sportsmen palpitate almost audibly, as the unmistakable crackling of dry leaves, and the swaying to and fro of tall grass, indicate the approach of the lord of the jungles. The jackals have taken the hint, and are off at a canter; so have the pariah dogs; only the vultures remain, careless of the near approach of this dreaded animal.

Cat-like and stealthy, peering around, behind, and before, noble in mien and beautiful of coat, ont creeps a huge royal tiger, bending and crouching, prior to one final bound, aimed at the throat of the prostrate carrion. The momentary silence is interrupted by the sharp click of the gun-hammer descending upon the cap. Then comes a bright flood of light, a loud explosion, and a roar of agony, that makes the sportsman shake to his shoeless feet; and, looking out from their leafy shelter, the tiger may be seen, prostrate and harmless, almost side by side with the dead ox that had lured it to its fate.

Few can form an adequate idea of the depredations committed by tigers upon the flocks and herds of the poor peasantry in India, who chance to be located anywhere in the neighbourhood of the jungles. A hungry tigress will slay sheep after sheep, and, merely drinking the blood, leave carcass after carcass, until she find one conveniently light to cast over her shoulders and carry off to her expectant cubs. Every contrivance for the extermination of these brutes is, therefore, a boon to the herdsman of India.

Once, when I was residing at Chittoor, in the province of North Arcot, I had personally a very narrow escape from the hungry jaws of what was most inappropriately termed a tame pet tiger. "Master Billy" (thus was the tiger designated) was the property of the Hon. W. H. T., then register of the Zillah Court, and was usually kept confined in a strong iron cage. On one occasion, several officers and civilians were tormenting the poor animal, by thrusting at him, through the bars, China crackers, etc. One, more foolhardy than the rest, ventured inside of the cage, armed only with a piece of bamboo. The result was, that the tiger immediately seized him by the arm. Fortunately, a gentleman close by had the presence of mind to thrust his walking-stick down the tiger's throat, which nearly throttled the animal, and compelled it to relinquish its hold. But in the confusion that ensued, Master Billy jumped out of his cage, and scattered his persecutors in all directions. I was then but a child, and, as I rushed screaming towards the house, I felt the hot breath of the tiger as he pursued me. The house was a terraced one, and stone steps led up to the top from the outside. Up these steps I clambered as quickly as my little legs would allow; up these steps came, bounding and frolicking (so I was told by the spectators), the tiger, just like a kitten in pursuit of a mouse. By a merciful Providence, there was a whole hind-quarter of raw beef, suspended by a rope from the landing-place on the



SHOOTING THE TIGER FROM A PLATFORM, IN BENGAL.

first flight.* Catching scent of this enticing morsel, Billy relinquished his pursuit, and, making one spring over the banisters, went rolling over and over, beef and all, till finally alighting on the pavement below, his spine was so injured that one of the party stepped forward and shot him through the head.

Appropos of such adventures, I think the most startling incident of presence of mind on record, is that of a lady in the upper provinces of Bengal, who being one day out at a pic-nic, was disagreeably disturbed in the middle of tiffin† by the sudden apparition of a huge royal tiger. Whilst others, perfectly petrified, stood gazing in speechless horror at the tiger, the lady very coolly seized her parasol, and, rushing towards the tiger, opened and closed it with such rapidity, as to perfectly dismay the astonished brute, and put it to ignominious flight.

Another terrible adventure is on record of some English sportsmen, who had strayed far into the jungle in pursuit of game, when they were suddenly overtaken by a furious storm of rain, thunder, and lightning. Hurrying away from the dangerous proximity of smitten forest trees, they sought refuge in a deep cavern, which was intensely dark, but which afforded the requisite shelter. Barely had they congratulated themselves on their apparent good fortune, when a

terrible roar echoed through the cavern, and was immediately responded to by the low growling of some cubs close at hand. Without a moment's loss of time, the terrified refugees blocked up the cavern entrance with every available stone, and, sheltered behind these, awaited the arrival of the royal tenant of the den.

Presently, with a bound and a roar terrible to hear, the last tiger leaped upon the half-petrified strangers. One of the number, however, promptly shot him dead upon the spot. Losing not a moment, but very foolishly carrying the cubs with them, they retreated as speedily as possible towards the nearest village, to reach which they had to cross a very narrow bridge, constituted of logs thrown over a frightful chasm, whilst underneath hissed and roared the waters of a cataract.

The last man of the party had just made good his retreat, when the bereaved and furious tigress, maddened by the loss of cubs and mate, bounded over the opposite hill, and in a moment had reached the brink of the precipice. Not a second was to be lost; with marvellous presence of mind, one of the party, exerting his utmost strength, succeeded in dislodging the temporary bridge, and, as these logs fell booming and crashing far down below till swept away by the boiling rapids, the tigress, nothing daunted, made one vigorous leap and succeeded in clutching the opposite shores with the claws of her fore paws. There, suspended between heaven and earth, clinging with the strength of desperation and that tenacity of

* Meat is always hung out of doors in hot climates to keep it, even during the same day that it has been killed.

† Indian for lunch.

life for which the feline race are noted, she ultimately fell an easy prey to those who would have been unwilling to face her under any other circumstances.

Sir S. Raffles, in speaking of the superstitious fears of the natives of Sumatra, has some incidental remarks about the tiger; he says: "One of the villagers in the vicinity of Bencoolen told me that his father and grandfather were carried off by tigers; and there is scarcely a family that has not lost some of its members by them. In many places the inhabitants appear to have resigned the dominion to the tigers, and take few precautions against them, regarding them as sacred. The natives hold the transmigration of souls, and call the tiger their *nene*, that is, grandfather, upon the supposition that the souls of their ancestors are dwelling in the tigers. On the banks of one of the rivers, above one hundred persons were devoured by the tigers in a single year. When a tiger enters the village, the people prepare rice and fruits, and place them at the entrance, supposing that the tiger will be pleased with this hospitable reception, and will pass on without doing them any harm."

Lady Raffles also says: "The coolies, in passing through a forest, came upon a tiger that was crouched upon the path. They immediately stopped, and addressed him in terms of supplication, assuring him they were poor people, carrying the *tuan basar*, or great man's luggage, who would be very angry with them if they did not arrive in time, and therefore they implored permission to pass quietly and without molestation. The tiger, being startled at their appearance, got up and walked quietly into the depths of the forest; and they came on, perfectly satisfied that it was in consequence of their petition that they passed in safety."

There was formerly residing in the village of Kildwick, near Craven in Yorkshire, a Mr. Turner, who had formerly served as a soldier in one of the regiments stationed in the East Indies. When encamped at Gangam, on the coast of Coromandel, he had a dreadful personal conflict with a tiger. On the day the regiment arrived, two of his comrades had strayed unarmed to a contiguous mountain, and had been terrified by a large black bear. The next day Turner, at their request, accompanied them, taking with him two muskets and bayonets, with six rounds of ammunition. Having ascended a lofty precipice, one of them espied a tiger, and, firing upon the beast, shouted to warn his comrades of the fact. Presently a large royal tiger, whose lair unfortunately lay directly upon the path by which they had ascended, doubled the angle of the mountain, and paralyzed them by a terrific roar. Recovering from their panic somewhat, two of the party proposed attempting their escape by another route. Turner, more courageous, was for facing the foe, and offered to fire upon the tiger, if his friends would load their pieces: he had hardly procured a favourable position to fire, when the tiger, with a dreadful roar, sprung up the cliff to meet him. The assailant fired, and the tiger fell over the rock; but, recovering itself, made a second spring, and, with an agonized roar of fury, received a second ball. Thrice again the tiger returned to the charge, receiving each time

a fresh wound. At length their ammunition was exhausted, and Turner's companions disgracefully deserted him to battle single-handed with the outraged animal. The tiger sprung upon Turner, and received his bayonet up to the muzzle of the gun in its chest: in the attempt to disentangle it the bayonet unfortunately became detached, but Turner clubbed the musket, and with one powerful blow (which unfortunately shivered the stock into pieces), he succeeded in partially fracturing the tiger's skull. Hitherto, the hardy soldier had not received a single scratch, but in a very short period afterwards thirty-three wounds were inflicted upon him, whilst his clothes were torn to shreds and drenched in blood. Though thus dreadfully mutilated, Turner had the presence of mind to fix his grasp in a wound which one of the musket balls had made in the neck of the tiger, and tear out a piece of ragged flesh. From the pain thus inflicted upon the tiger, he uttered a tremendous roar, which was distinctly heard at the camp a mile distant, and then took his departure. Turner eventually recovered, whereas the dead body of the tiger was found the next day stretched out by the banks of a nullah.

A most remarkable incident or fact in connection with the carnivorous propensities of the tiger is, that it is said, when the choice is afforded, to invariably single out a black man in a mixed company of blacks and Europeans; and Chinamen, above all, seem to be considered by the genus tiger as rare tit-bits. The inconvenience of this latter taste has been severely felt of late years by the Governor of Singapore, where the Chinese convicts, who are sent out heavily chained to work upon the roads, easily fall a prey to this inexorable foe, and are carried off unresistingly by the score.

The tiger is a treacherous, sly, and cruel foe to man and beast; taken ever so young, or nurtured ever so kindly, in the end its insatiable thirst for blood invariably reveals itself. This is a fact so well acknowledged all over India, that a common proverb amongst the natives, to distinguish any one of ferocious disposition or fiery temperament, is to say that so and so is a man who was reared upon tiger's milk.

THE ORIGINAL RAGGED SCHOOL-MASTER.

THE modern movement, which has for its object the reclamation of outcast children by the institution of Ragged Schools, and which in London and elsewhere has been productive of extraordinary benefits, is usually supposed to be a peculiarly English enterprise, and the first of the kind that was ever undertaken or attempted. We believe that, as far as the British islands are concerned, the movement was primarily commenced in Scotland; and the Scotch have hitherto rather prided themselves on being foremost in the work. They have, no doubt, good reason to congratulate themselves on what they have accomplished, as also to take credit for the force and influence of their example, in stimulating other benevolent adventurers to labour in the same direction. The movement, too, with them was probably spontaneous; nothing of the sort, on a large scale, having apparently been heard of in the kingdom prior to the origina-

tion of the northern institutions. It is, nevertheless, a fact—though only recently disclosed to us—that Ragged Schools, in all material respects similar to ours in England and Scotland, were organised in Germany nearly forty years ago. This we learn from the “Life of Frederick Perthes,” which has lately been translated into English, and which presents us with a picture of German life, and of the domestic relations and activity of an eminently worthy man, such as is rarely to be met with. Among the numerous subjects of interest, of a private or social nature, which are brought into notice and consideration in the volumes, we find an account of the institution of the first Ragged School and of its founder—which, in all its substantial particulars, is here presented to the reader.

It appears that shortly after the close of the last great European wars, a vast number of orphaned and neglected children were to be seen in various parts of Germany, in a state of abject destitution. In the vicinity of the battle-fields of Jena, Lützen, and Leipsic, there were to be found a multitude of boys, partly belonging to the district, partly brought from all parts of Germany, by the armies that had fought there. They had run, in a manner, wild, and were rapidly becoming a pest and an abomination to the neighbourhood. What was to be done with them, nobody seemed to know; and, what was more unpromising, nobody seemed to care. It might strike sundry well-to-do and comfortably established people, whose orchards and henroosts lay open to depredation, that it would be an immense benefit if they would take themselves away; or if the police of the adjacent towns could be commissioned to deport them somewhere, that would be a satisfactory arrangement. But there seemed no chance of getting rid of them, except by the ordinary course of drafting them off separately or in small numbers to prison, as they might qualify themselves for such an establishment by special acts of crime or outrage; and this, notwithstanding the promptness of their tendencies to lapse into criminal excesses, seemed only a slow process. There they were, and there they seemed likely to remain as a permanent incumbrance. Their miserable condition, however, at length attracted the attention of one man, who conceived himself to have a call to endeavour to reclaim them. John Falk, the good Samaritan in question, thought he could see a way by which they might be made serviceable members of society; and so, selecting some of the most destitute to begin with, he set himself to the somewhat unpromising looking task of making honest men of them.

Falk was not a man of any great intellectual ability; he had simply a large heart—a disinterested, warm, and unselfish disposition; and in the sole power of this he commenced his undertaking. He was a native of West Prussia, but since the year 1796 had resided in Weimar, where he had on various occasions sought to win literary distinction as a lyric poet and a satirist, with very small success. Indeed he had gained the unwelcome reputation of being a sort of “small-beer genius,” and was frequently pointed to as a type of the national literature in its poorest and most futile manifestations. Not the less, however, was he a

well-meaning man; and, if as an author he had mistaken his vocation, he now unquestionably found it in the unostentatious sphere of benevolent action on which he was the first to enter. His own frankness of disposition gave him faith in his enterprise; and, having once begun his work, he was daunted by no obstacles. In the course of a short time he filled his house with three hundred children, devoting all his time and all his substance to the training and instructing of them. His aim was to give them a homely education and an honest trade, by which they might afterwards earn a living.

To provide for such a number as he took under his protection, large funds of course were necessary; and so, when he had spent his own means, he began to solicit aid from others. He had no scruple about begging for such an object, and hence, in season and out of season, he was always canvassing for subscriptions. He gathered money from all quarters—not always without difficulty; for many people did not think his undertaking so pressing or important as he was in the habit of representing it. Indeed, it seemed incredible to many that such a man should have any genuine vocation for such an enterprise. As, notwithstanding all the benevolent man's care and labour, many of his *protégés* turned out ill, some concluded that none of them were reformed; and others pretended that the outlay of zeal, effort, and money, was in ridiculous contrast with the paucity of results. A friend once wrote to Perthes: “Falk is so impressible and fanciful, that the dreadful destitution of the youths and their subsequent improvement may very well both be creatures of his imagination. Then he is importunate in seeking subscriptions, and aid of every kind: he is, in fact, a bore. He has a few enthusiastic followers; but, in general, he is not liked here; people avoid him, and laugh at him behind his back.”

So, we see, poor Falk met with no very great encouragement; he had the usual greeting which is extended to most large-hearted benefactors at the beginning of their enterprises. One can readily conceive that to many persons he would seem something of a bore. Few people like to be always pestered by applications for subscriptions, however well they may think of the object to which they are applied. Falk, poor fellow, could not understand this. Having given himself, mind and body and substance, to the work of saving poor abandoned outcasts, who would otherwise have had no helper, he could not comprehend how any one could be lukewarm or indifferent in such a cause, or how they could conscientiously withhold their money when it was so much needed. How deeply the importance of his work was impressed upon his own mind may be seen from the following passage from a letter which he wrote to Perthes in 1821.

“Amid the children I find consolation and support, when I am tempted to despair; for this is indeed an evil time: insurrection lurks behind the constitutions, and Sand's dagger lies concealed behind the Gospel of St. John. Men pass like wind-bags: they eat and drink, work and sleep, as if there were no such thing as an immortal soul; they do not, indeed, in so many words deny God,

but their whole life is practical atheism ; nor will matters be mended so long as men regard preaching and the hearing of sermons as a [sufficient] Christian act, whereas Christian action is itself the true sermon. The death upon the cross is the sermon of sermons, and the pattern for all others : acted sermons, not sermons preached merely, is the want of our age. God has deigned to make me his instrument ; truly in the fire of affliction he has moulded me, in the valley of tears prepared me. I have put my hand to the work in reliance on the mighty God ; and you also, my dear friend, has God chosen to be a powerful coadjutor. Work along with me, then, while it is day, that what has been begun in God's honour may be joyfully finished in his name. The idea which has possessed me, will spread throughout Germany and all Christian Europe ; already, indeed, it has risen up in might, and, with hands and feet, may be seen walking and working at Dorpat and in Paris alike ; already the doors of the children's prisons are being thrown open both in Germany and France." On another occasion, he says : " Could you see us, you would rejoice and bless God. The children of robbers and murderers sing psalms and pray ; boys are making locks out of the insulting iron which was destined for their hands and feet, and are building houses which they formerly delighted to break open. Yes, it is indeed true, that where chains and stocks, the lash and the prison were powerless, Love comes off victorious."

The house in which Falk resided with his three hundred children was not his own property, and in the year 1821 the proprietor sold it, thus necessitating the removal of the establishment. As " no one is willing to receive us," says Falk, " we propose to build ;" and he goes on to say that it will be " with the hands of our own children, too, so that every tile in the roof, every nail in the walls, every lock on the doors, every chair and every table in the rooms, shall be a witness to their industry." A plot of land having been purchased, the building operations were soon commenced, and were actually carried on and finished in the manner Falk describes.

In the spring of 1822, Perthes paid a visit to his friend in Weimar, and thus reports the proceedings in a letter to a friend :—" About fifty journeymen and apprentices, all of them former inmates of the Ragged Hospital, were working at the new building as masons and carpenters ; they were served by boys still in the institution ; horrid, cannibal-like faces had they all, with the wolf of the desert unmistakably imprinted on their foreheads. In the expression of many, however, there were traces of a new life ; and Falk says it is a real pleasure to see how the claws and the shaggy tufts gradually fall off. Falk's own room is a perfect gem, with this intention, perhaps, that the children may recognise in him their true father ; but it seemed to me that he had also an eye here to the gratification of his own fancy. Altogether Falk appears to me an exceedingly remarkable man : his command of happy and striking images in conversation is wonderful ; the rapidity of his fancy hurries along first himself and then his hearers, so that fact and fancy dance at once through the minds of both. He is at the same time shrewd, yea cunning, and knows right well what key-note to strike, accord-

ing to persons and circumstances. I am, however, quite convinced of his thorough earnestness, now that I have seen him and the institution ; and it is not his fault if he be not a poet into the bargain. He himself, and still more his undertaking, deserve our support ; many have much good to say of him, and even his bitterest enemies know no ill."

Perthes was of opinion that Falk's success, humanly speaking, in impressing the hearts of his children, and in winning supporters to his cause, arose from his being entirely occupied with *one idea* : and this perhaps is the characteristic of all similar reformers. The idea, whatever it is, takes possession of them, and transforms them into instruments for effecting its realization. Hence they often appear crotchety and eccentric persons, and are apt to be laughed at as too determined riders of a hobby. But they are for this very reason the men best adapted for originating and carrying out untried and difficult undertakings. Having perfect faith in their idea, they are appalled by no obstruction, overpowered by no failures, shrink before no ridicule ; and thus through steadfastness and sheer persistency they generally accomplish the ends they have had in view. If many-sidedness be the sign of perfect culture in a man, one-sidedness may yet be said to be the thing required where the object to be attained is one demanding unusual energy and untiring devotion.

A similar work to Falk's was about the same time undertaken at Berlin, by Baron Kottwitz, in whom the same singleness of mental aspect is apparent. Perthes, in his correspondence, mentions also this excellent man's labours, and seems to have repeatedly visited his institution. In 1825, he says : " I have known Baron Kottwitz for five-and-twenty years. For a long time I considered the dulness of his eye, and the gentleness of his whole nature, as signs of feebleness ; and consequently, though respecting his piety, I was little attracted to him, for I have never been a friend to pale, sharp-featured ascetics. In Kottwitz, however, I have been mistaken. To know him, one must see him in the midst of those wretched creatures whom he has gathered about him."

After spending considerable time in making observations, among the mountains of Silesia and elsewhere, on the miseries of the poor, and sacrificing a large portion of his property in efforts for their alleviation, Kottwitz settled in Berlin, finding there a population most of all, as he thought, requiring his assistance. It was a population of the most abandoned character, brought together by the establishment of factories, at the instance of Frederick the Great, and which had accumulated in point of numbers to about twenty thousand persons. " All this misery," says Perthes—" profligate women, stunted children, disbanded soldiers of the old Prussian type, famished factory work-people who lived on brandy, the baron collected in an ancient royal edifice, ceded to him for the purpose : twenty long years he spent in the midst of this wretched and disgusting filth. He forced no one to come, or to work, or to receive Christian consolation or instruction ; but to all he offered, with mild earnestness and love, the comfort and aid of a knowledge of the Saviour, and an opportunity of work. That the offer was not made in vain I could myself see from the confidence and

freedom with which these poor wretches, cast off by all the world besides, approached him. His object is, so soon as they get accustomed to regular work, to distribute them among the small towns in the neighbourhood where hands are scarce. Then, at his request, the magistrate assigns to them a cottage and a patch of potato-land at a small rent, and the Berlin manufacturers send them work to be done at home. He says that a considerable number of men who have passed through his hands, are now leading a moral life, and enjoying that health which is insured by cleanliness, fresh air, and easily accessible field-work; he thinks, too, that the mass of the debased population in Berlin has been diminished, though no doubt this is chiefly owing to the clearance which time makes in such a population, and to the gradual extinction of the military rabble."

Neither of these experiments appears to have been known in England at the time when Ragged Schools were first established in our large towns; so that, as regards the movement here, there was no copying of these continental institutions—the origination of Ragged Schools, both in England and in Germany, being practically an original undertaking, suggested by the necessities of the population for whose benefit they are designed. Nevertheless, as, in point of time, the enterprises of Falk and Kottwitz were antecedent to ours, it is proper to allow them to have the honour which is due to their priority; and we presume that the brief account which we have here given of them will be found interesting to our readers.

MANCHESTER ART TREASURES.

SIXTH PAPER.—THE SOULAGES COLLECTION, ETC. ETC.

WE have already incidentally mentioned the Soulages Collection, to which we must now devote a brief space, warmly recommending the visitor, when he has escaped from the fascinations of high art around him, to turn his attention deliberately in this direction and examine these interesting stores for himself. This collection was made by M. Jules Soulages, of Toulouse, between the years 1830 and 1840. During that long period he ransacked the whole of Italy, in the persevering search for such manufactures of any or every kind to be met with as bore upon them the stamp of art or the impression of the artist's labours, irrespective of the materials in which they wrought or the purposes to which the productions were applied. A collection thus gathered together naturally presents at first view a rather heterogeneous aspect; but, notwithstanding that, it tells an interesting story, and is fraught with instruction of a curiously domestic kind, not, we are very sure, derivable from any other existing source.

When M. Soulages had completed his collection, much to the regret of the Italians, who mourned when it was too late the withdrawal of these treasures from their country, he brought it to Paris, and subsequently offered it for sale in the mass, refusing the most tempting offers for single specimens. It was at length bought entire by a number of English gentlemen, who, feeling the importance of securing it to this country, and looking to the effect it was calculated to produce by its

influence upon our own manufactures, expended the sum of thirteen thousand pounds in its purchase. They offered it to the Government at the cost price, hoping to make it the nucleus of a national museum of medieval art manufacture. The Government, hampered with the expenses of the war then raging, declined the purchase. Then, for a short time, it was exhibited in Marlborough House, where the public visited it in crowds, and became aware of its value and importance; but, the Government not intending to purchase, it would have been sold by auction and scattered, and for all national purposes irretrievably lost, among the museums of private collectors. At this crisis the Executive Committee of the Art Treasures Exhibition at Manchester stepped in, and resolving that the only important collection of this kind ever likely to reach this country should be preserved in its integrity, they bought it, first for the purposes of the present Exhibition, and finally, as a grand nucleus for a permanent museum.

Our own idea is, that never was money more wisely bestowed or more discreetly invested. The value of these works, as incentives to experiment, invention, and artistic emulation in the various departments of manufacture, is beyond all calculation. Let us see of what they consist. First on the list, and perhaps of the most importance, looking to its surpassing excellence, comes the majolica ware, concerning which all the collectors of curiosities are just now so much on the *qui vive*. "Majolica," as some of our readers may require to be informed, is only the Italian word signifying "crockery," or "delf"—and majolica ware is therefore crockery ware. Be it noted, however, that it is the crockery of an artistic people, manufactured at a period when the whole manufactures of their country were saturated with the artistic spirit, and when art itself, in its loftiest development, flourished as it has never flourished since. It may seem strange to us that men of genius should descend to employ their great talents in the construction and ornamentation of plates and dishes of crockery; but the Italian of those days saw nothing strange about it; on the contrary, he saw no reason why the commonest dinner-service, the humblest dish, the cheapest cup, should not approach in elegance, if it were possible, to the most exquisite forms in nature, and be adorned with the most brilliant colours that art could devise. It was a tradition in the country that the great Raphael himself began his career by painting plates and dishes; and, though this tradition wants confirmation, it is certain that men of undoubted genius applied themselves to that branch of art.

It was about the middle of the fifteenth century (four hundred years ago) that the art of decorative pottery began to be first practised among the Italians; and they are supposed to have derived the incentives to its production from the Arabs in Spain, whose manufactures of this kind had throughout the middle ages continued to be imported into Italy. At the commencement they were aided by Moorish workmen, and from them it is presumed they owed their knowledge of the famous lustre pigments, which are seen glistening upon numbers of the choicest specimens of this collection, and the composition of which is a

secret unknown to the moderns. For nearly three hundred years after the date above mentioned, the majolica wares were the great staple manufacture of Italy. Manufactories were founded and fostered by princes; the masters who directed and designed, and the workmen who wrought at the business, occupied in the public eye the elevated position of artists, and a social status altogether removed from the ordinary conditions of the industrial labourer. The cities which were the principal seats of the manufacture, were Faenza, Urbino, (Raphael's birth-place,) Castel Durante, Gubbio, and Pesaro—all, like our own Staffordshire potteries, being comprised within a limited district, towards the eastern coast. As many of the great ceramic artists appended their signatures to their works, their names have come down to us. One of the most celebrated was Maestro Giorgio, of Gubbio, of whose productions there are forty specimens in the collection. He is supposed to have monopolised the use of the celebrated ruby lustre, which appears to have been invented by his predecessor in the business which he carried on. His works bear various dates between the years 1518 and 1537. In his day he occupied a somewhat similar position to that of Wedgwood among the English potters, and was much engaged in ornamenting the unfinished wares of other manufacturers. One of his sons, named Cencio, followed the same profession.

The samples of majolica ware in the collection are about a hundred and fifty in number, and consist of large plateaus, plates, dishes, cups, vases, bowls, ewers, salt-cellars, etc. We cannot particularise them—it would be but a waste of space to do so; but the visitor should see them by all means; whether he be curious or no as a connoisseur in such things, he will at least derive some agreeable knowledge of the furnishings of an Italian interior in the days of Raphael and Michael Angelo, and he will witness, what few species of manufacture exhibit so plainly, viz., the union of high artistic excellence with implements intended for common use.

Next to the majolica come the wares of Bernard Palissy, whose history is well known to the readers of the "Leisure Hour," and we therefore need not dwell on it here. He brought the art of the potter to a state of high perfection in France; but after his death, in 1589, there was no one to succeed either to his perseverance or his talent, and the art declined almost as rapidly as it rose, until his descendants had degenerated into ordinary manufacturing potters, incapable of producing even tolerable copies of the original works of their master. The genuine works of Palissy have become exceedingly rare, and even this unrivalled collection contains but few, the genuineness of some of which is perhaps doubtful. The most striking, and probably the most difficult in execution, are those with figure-subjects in relief. The best of Palissy's productions of this kind are, however, not here, and must be sought for in the gallery of the Louvre at Paris.

The Venetian glass wares next demand notice. Of these there are a very considerable number, not only quaint and curious in themselves, but exhibiting difficulties, and at the present day impossibilities, in manufacture puzzling to comprehend.

They date from the latter part of the fifteenth century, and, seeing their fragility, it is marvellous that they have survived so long. Very little is known of the art of their manufacture, and there are no books extant in which the desired information can be sought for. It is thought that this species of industry, like that of the decorative majolica, was derived from the Spanish Arabs, who would appear to have supplied the materials and accessories of luxury to all Christian Europe during the middle ages. Some of these glass wares are beautifully enamelled—others are filligreed and crossed with a kind of lace or network—and others show, in the clear crystal, white threads crossing at an angle, forming lozenge-shaped compartments, each of which exhibits a minute air-bubble. More extraordinary still are those in which small particles of shining gold are scattered through the transparent mass.

Works of far greater intrinsic value, though perhaps less curiously interesting, are the specimens of sculpture in bronze, in which this collection is remarkably rich. The greatest artists of all times have been pleased to work in this material, which is considered the most durable of all; and from the very earliest revival of art in Italy, the reproduction of the best known antique works in bronze was the favourite pursuit not only of sculptors, but of painters, goldsmiths, and architects. Notwithstanding the extent to which they were once produced, and their indestructible material, fine Italian bronzes are now rarely to be purchased. Vast numbers of them have, however, found their way into the mansions of the English nobility and gentry, where they have latterly begun to assert a value which their possessors have been too slow to appreciate. The most remarkable of these bronzes is a huge pair of fire-dogs, four feet in height: they consist of a pair of figured pedestals, supporting, one a statue of Venus, the other that of Adonis; and in front of each is a shield bearing the arms of the noble Venetian family of Barberigo. They have a magnificent appearance, and are the finest of the kind in existence. An analogous curiosity is a set of four fire-irons of the date of 1560, or thereabouts; they are in wrought iron, decorated with tracery-work, the handles terminating in bronze figures of satyrs. The set of four does not comprise a poker, but consists of a shovel, tongs, a two-pronged fork, and a hook for handling the burning billets of wood. Then there are fenders of very primitive construction; bellows, candlesticks, lamps, ink-stands, vases, brackets, door-knockers, ewers, salvers, hand-bells, barrel or cistern taps, snuffers, salt-cellars, corkscrews, and various other domestic implements—all bearing the impress of the artist in the design and of the finished workman in execution, hardly in a less degree than do the beautiful statuettes, the contemporaneous work of perhaps the same hands.

Not the least interesting part of this collection is the household furniture, by which the spectator is enabled to form a tolerably good notion of the interior appliances of an Italian residence in the sixteenth century. This classical people, who built houses, and did not "run up" rubbishy brick walls, never dreamed of making their saloons and marble halls the receptacles of indiscriminate heaps

of upholstery, and did not usher their visitors into a raree-show of tinsel and frippery. What furniture they adopted was intended for use and wear, not for vanity, and though most excellent of its kind, it would have made but a limited show in an auctioneer's catalogue. This collection tells us that their chairs were wooden stools with backs to them, but they are beautifully carved and gilded; and when the requirement was an easy chair for the solace of age or infirmity, they knew how to make it luxuriously easy, and that, too, after the antique Greek or Roman model. Their tables were classic structures—with friezes of scroll foliage or of carved figures, and supported, not by wooden legs, but by graceful caryatides or life-like statuettes. Their cabinets and book-cases were elaborations of exquisite carved work, and their mirrors hung in frames on which the sculptor had exhausted his skill. Even a reading-stand, a pair of bellows, or a set of kitchen shelves, bore the master-hand of the artist—and nothing met the eye that was not suggestive of beauty and grace in some phase or other.

The Soulages Collection contains between seven and eight hundred articles in the whole: we have mentioned some of its most remarkable features, but must necessarily leave the bulk of the material as a subject for the visitor's investigation. Let him look at the complex old locks, the rare tracery and ornamentation on some of the keys, and the various other trifles and household implements which will meet him at every turn, and carry away with him as much as he can of these resuscitated illustrations of the life and customs within doors of a long vanished age; he will find them worth remembering and thinking over, and in no small degree contributive to his enlightenment while studying the history of the period.

The museum of ornamental art, of which the Soulages Collection forms a portion, and which occupies some twenty cases in the nave or central hall, contains a multiplicity of rare and interesting objects to which, from our narrow limits, we can barely advert. Among them are a series of articles of personal and domestic use, many of them articles of costume, or of the toilet, of the date of three or four centuries back; a fine collection of enamels illustrative of the ancient prevalence and excellence and of the late decline of the enameller's art; some superior specimens of the porcelain of all the countries celebrated for its production; a gorgeous assemblage of the *chefs d'œuvre* of the goldsmith's art, as well of the old Florentine masters whose magnificent designs have never been surpassed, as of the artificers of our own day; a collection of medallions and glyptics; another of carvings in ivory; a warlike gathering of the arms and armour of all nations and times; a selection of rare and curious objects from the renowned Bernal Collection; a compact museum of British, Celtic, and Anglo-Saxon remains; and a most interesting series of specimens of the household furniture of our forefathers, from the fifteenth century onwards. Such are some of the most striking features of the museum of art, amidst a multitude of others which are perhaps equally entitled to remark.

On taking our final leave—all too soon—of this unrivalled magazine of art treasures, we make our egress through the entrance to the Manchester

Botanical Gardens. Our friends who are lovers of nature and of her most exquisite and fascinating productions, will do well to follow our example. The gardens are designed with considerable taste; there is ample space and variety of wooded walk and shady groves, of winding pathways by the still water, of cool arbours and cooler grots, of grassy lawns and pleasant undulating slopes. The garden is, moreover, exceedingly well stocked with the choicest flowers and plants of nearly every clime, and provision is made for easy access to the spacious coverts, tents, and greenhouses, and thus for the deliberate examination of every specimen at which the visitor may choose to pause. After the strain upon one's faculties of attention, comparison, and reflection in the Exhibition, there can hardly be a pleasanter relief than that afforded by the cool quiet and repose of the garden, amid the fragrance of the breathing flowers—while the summer breeze ripples the surface of the lake where the virgin willows dip their long hair in the flood, and the soothing harmonies of the distant band reverberate in the grottoes on its marge.

PROVERBS.

THERE is a phrase, which was much more in vogue some forty or fifty years ago than it is now, but of which one hears occasionally still, namely, "The wisdom of our ancestors." We have always had great doubts whether that phrase was not an unwarrantable assumption on behalf of our ancestors, of a much greater amount of wisdom than they really possessed. Lord Bacon has sagaciously said, "The old of the world is the youth of time;" and again, "They that reverence too much old time, are but a scorn to the new." There are, no doubt, very many foolish people living now-a-days, and often enough folly gets into the chair of wisdom, and speaks like an oracle. Still we do not think there was ever a time in which there was so much wisdom in the world as there is just now. And it would be a sad thing if it were not so; for we have all the advantage of the struggles and toils and failings of the past; and stored up, too, in the works of men that have gone, there are treasures of precious thoughts, which can never become old as long as the world shall last.

And that suggests a qualification to what we have said about "the wisdom of our ancestors." There were amongst them, in all classes of society, keen-witted men; some of them famous still, and some of them men whose names were never heard of beyond the town or village in which they lived; some of them masters of the pen, and others only masters of speech. Men like these have originated those brief sayings which we call proverbs—pithy sentences, embodying often a world of truth and wit, though sometimes, it must be added, a world of falsehood. In some cases, what afterwards became a new and striking thought, was the coinage of the man's own brain, but which was felt to be so good and so tersely expressed, that it secured universal adoption at once. In other cases, and perhaps more frequently, the originator of the proverb only hit upon some compact form of expressing a principle which was generally admitted; and so, as Lord John Russell has felicitously said, there was "the wisdom of many, the

wit of one." There are amongst them many rich utterances of racy, practical wisdom, well worth pondering. Let us try to gather up some of the lessons which are contained in the people's proverbs.

There is a spirit of strong and sturdy self-reliance embodied in some of them, such, for instance, as these: "God helps those who help themselves;" "Better do it than wish it done;" "Every man is the architect of his own fortune." It is a right and noble thing for a young man, as he looks forth on a striving, struggling world, to say, "By God's help I will make myself something better than I am," and then to set himself vigorously to work, hand and brain, as "the architect of his own fortunes." All very well if somebody has laid a foundation for him; but that will be of little service, unless he set himself vigorously to work, and build upon it. If he fail to do that, many a one will rear up the fabric of better fortunes by his side, who had to do everything for himself, foundation and all. It is no uncommon thing for us to see a capital business, which a hard-working father had left his son, melting all away, because the young man, finding so much ready to his hands, set up for a gentleman at once; whilst one of the lads who had swept out the shop and dusted the counter, and for whom nothing was made ready, has won for himself respect and competence. No help will be of much service to the man who will not "help himself."

One development of genuine self-reliance is vigorous *industry*. "Put your own shoulder to the wheel," has been a proverb ever since Æsop wrote that fable in which a carter, whose cart had stuck in the mud, is represented as crying to Jupiter for help, and in which Jupiter is represented as calling out indignantly, "Put thine own shoulder to the wheel." Our fathers, somehow or other, connected industry and early rising so closely, that they would hardly believe a man could be industrious who did not get up soon in the morning. So they said, "He that would thrive, must rise at five; he that has thriven, may lie till seven;" "An hour in the morning is worth two in the afternoon;"

"Early to bed and early to rise,
Makes a man healthy, wealthy, and wise."

Things have altered a little since people breakfasted at six, dined at ten, supped at six, and were tolled to bed by the curfew at eight. We do not necessarily set a man down as lazy who does not get over that first trouble of the day, leaving a comfortable bed till seven o'clock, and who does not nerve himself for the last till eleven o'clock. People may be "healthy, wealthy, and wise" notwithstanding; and there may be just as little sluggishness about them as in the case of those who keep the good old-fashioned hours. The great thing is, that a man work vigorously and earnestly, giving no more time to slumber than is necessary to recruit exhausted nature. Still, there can be little question that early hours are on every account the best—best whether for the body, the mind, or the estate; and that in this respect it is at least questionable whether modern society has improved on the "wisdom of our ancestors."

Some of the most striking proverbs about

industry put the thing by way of contrast: "Idleness is the greatest prodigality;" "Idleness is the root of all evil;" "Idleness is the sepulchre of a living man." "What disease was it your brother died of?" was a question once asked of a man of rank. "He died," was the reply, "of having nothing to do." "Enough," was the response, "to kill any of us." There are other proverbs which put it even more strongly: "An idle brain is the devil's workshop." It is instructive to observe how the same ideas are expressed by different nations in similar phraseology. There are some Tuscan proverbs which are very much akin to the above: "A lazy man is the devil's bolster;" "He who labours is tempted by one devil; he who is lazy, by a thousand." May we not trace some of the best of these, both about industry and idleness, not just to the common sense of mankind, but to that repertory of practical and inspired wisdom, the Book of Proverbs? Here are a few of them: "He becometh poor that dealeth with a slack hand; but the hand of the diligent maketh rich;" "The thoughts of the diligent tend only to plenteousness; but of every one that is hasty, only to want." What a beautiful picture that is of the excellent woman in the last chapter! and what a contrast is that of the vineyard of the slothful!—a picture which one could almost wish the pencil of a Hogarth had thrown on his canvass: "I went by the vineyard of the slothful, and by the vineyard of the man void of understanding; and lo! it was all grown over with thorns, and nettles had covered the face thereof, and the stone wall thereof was broken down. Then I saw and considered it well; I looked upon it, and received instruction. Yet a little sleep, a little slumber, a little folding of the hands to sleep. So shall thy poverty come as one that travelleth, and thy want as an armed man." (Prov. xxiv. 30—34).

Self-reliance, however, needs to be balanced. "I will be the architect of my own fortunes," you may say, "and my diligence shall be untiring till they are reared." Yes; but remember who has said, "Except the Lord build the house, they labour in vain that build it"—a truth which is recognised in some human proverbs. It is implied in one already quoted, though it is certainly not its chief teaching: "God helps those who help themselves;" "Use the means, and God will give the blessing," puts it more directly. There is another: "Every man for himself, and God for us all." If the former part of this means, that, without helping his fellow, a man is to keep his eye steadily fixed on his own interest only; if he is to be so selfish that he does not care, to quote another proverb, though "his neighbour's house be set on fire, provided his own eggs be roasted," then it is bad, and we can have nothing to do with it; but if it means—and we think it does—that every man is to put forth his own best energies, depending, so far as human endeavour is concerned, mainly on himself, and not on others, and then to ask God's help, both for himself and all else who are fighting the rough battle of life, then it contains both sides of a great and glorious truth: "The blessing of the Lord, it maketh rich, and he addeth no sorrow with it."

Sagacious men have seen that even diligence and industry may be carried too far; and so we

are told, "Bend the bow too much, and it will lose its spring." Then there is that good old saw, in which we had such implicit faith when we were children: "All work and no play, makes Jack a dull boy." Many a man has toiled at the oar, overtasking his strength, and looking forward to some distant time of rest, till the oar has fallen from his palsied or lifeless hand; or else he has so enfeebled himself, so worn out his health and energies, that the power of enjoyment is gone when the time comes for him to retire. Let a man enjoy something at least of what he is getting whilst he is actually getting it. Let him give himself "a leisure hour"—time for recreation, time for mental culture, and, not least, time to do something for God! There are few people to be more pitied than the man who needlessly condemns himself to be a mere business drudge.

It is sometimes a slow process for a man to make his way in the world. The fabric of his fortunes has to be reared stone by stone; and it is not unlikely he may think the stones are very little ones, and very far to fetch. If any one thinks that in these times of strenuous competition a large business is to be raised and a fortune made in a day, he is much mistaken. He cannot go to bed, like the hero of an eastern tale, and, rising in the morning, find a palace ready to his hand, built for him by some slave of the lamp.

"Rome was not built in a day." "An oak is not felled with one blow." Impatience often ruins everything, just as that of the little child did, who sowed his seeds one day, and went and grubbed them up in the morning to see if they had grown. That line of Longfellow's deserves to pass into a proverb, and perhaps it will: "Learn to labour, and to wait." The worst of all is, when such impatience tempts any one to do what is doubtful and wrong. "Better go about than fall into the ditch." "It's very much nearer, sir, across the fields," said a man once to a youth who was asking his way; "you'll go across three fields, and then down the lane, and then take the second gate, and then three or four fields more, and then you'll come to the road again." It was a pleasant thing to walk on a softer path than that of the hard stony turnpike, and very desirable to save a mile's walking; but he soon got bewildered, could not exactly remember his directions, lost his way, and arrived at his journey's end an hour or two later than if he had taken the road, and sadly bespattered into the bargain. "The highway is never about." Avoid all near cuts to wealth; for God's own finger has written up that notice: "No road this way. Dangerous: Trespassers will be prosecuted to the utmost rigour of the law." "He that hasteth to be rich, hath an evil eye, and considereth not that poverty shall come upon him." (Prov. xxviii. 22.) And the apostle Paul has said, even more emphatically, "They that will be rich, fall into temptation and a snare, and into many foolish and hurtful lusts, which drown men in destruction and perdition." (1 Tim. vi. 9.)

"They that hold the greatest farms, pay the least rent;" that is, those to whom God has given most, render the least return. Not always; for we know some rich men who really give in proportion to their wealth. Still it is a proverb of

only too wide an application. It is no uncommon thing for people who give liberally whilst they have comparatively little, to give no more when they have much, and even to lessen their liberality. Solomon says, "Honour the Lord with thy substance, and with the first-fruits of all thine increase; so shall thy barns be filled with plenty, and thy presses burst out with new wine." (Prov. iii. 9, 10.) "As God hath prospered him," is the New Testament rule; or, to apply the proverb, "the rent according to the farm."

A great many proverbs relate to debt. "Cut your coat according to your cloth;" "Stretch your legs according to your coverlet;" "Sleep without supper and wake without owing;" "Debt is the worst kind of poverty." It seems a hard thing, sometimes, not to have what others have, and an easy pleasant thing to take credit for what we want, or think we want. As business is conducted now-a-days, many people can scarcely do without credit; but there are others with fixed incomes who have no need for it at all; and no man should buy that for which he has not a fair prospect of being able to pay in a reasonable time. To say nothing of the dishonesty which debt often involves, and of the inconveniences which it entails on others, it is a miserable thing for the man himself, driving him to many a dishonourable subterfuge, and causing him many a sleepless night. There is an old story of a man bidding very high at a sale, for the pillows of a man whose extravagance had resulted in ruin. He was asked how it was he was so bent on having them. "They must be capital pillows," he replied, "on which a man could sleep with so much debt." We have seen many a one ruined, both in character and estate, and it has all been through improvident and needless debt. Keep out of debt, for "out of debt, out of danger."

A QUESTION.

CAN life in them deserve the name,
Who only live to prove
For what poor toys they can disclaim
An endless life above?

Who, much diseased, yet nothing feel;
Much menaced, nothing dread;
Have wounds, which only God can heal,
Yet never ask his aid?

Who deem his house a useless place,
Faith, want of common sense;
And ardour in the Christian race,
A hypocrite's pretence?

Who trample order; and the day
Which God asserts his own
Dishonour with unhallow'd play,
And worship chance alone?

If scorn of God's commands, impress'd
On word and deed, imply
The better part of man unblest'd
With life that cannot die;

Such want it, and that want uncured
Till man resigns his breath,
Speaks him a criminal, assured
Of everlasting death.

Sad period to a pleasant course!

Yet so will God repay
Sabbaths profaned without remorse,
And mercy cast away.

COWPER.